

TOLEDO, OHIO.,

APRIL 2nd, 1941 WED.

DEAR MISS PARLOW,

Yes, again it is I that is bothering you with another letter (and me). However, please accept my interruption because for me it is a sort of consolation into which I absorb myself. Often have I written, I know, and even though Miss Parlow has not very much time at her disposal for lettering an answer, I feel more heartened at the thought that at least she knows how I stand in attitude of musical thought, word, and action.

I may now say that I am in the best of health; and perhaps I have gained a few pounds in weight. This maybe is due to the fine home cooking which most Hungarian mothers serve their children, (and, seemingly, my mother constitutes herself in that category.) And without reservedness this can also be said about cooking by Russian people. During the entire winter months I did not have a cough or cold, and for that I am well pleased; even if it can be mentioned that colds and sickness did not appear, nevertheless, our winter days were long but not so very cold; the snow was scarce but the winds were high and dry. But that suffices for the irrelevant contents of this letter.

As usual the important and perhaps the most concerned part of my letters pertain to the musical side, and fittingly so. My musical aspirations have been unchanged and remain at the usual vital, all-absorbing, and zestful strength as in the past. No, Miss Parlow, I will not give up one inch in my staunch determination to arrive at my established musical ideal. Yes, I have had disappointments galore, from within and outside the family; however, if the creator has destined me to pursue unrelentlessly musical art, there is not one individual-human who can deter his wishes and predestinement. And so, shall we say radiodically, "Life can be beautiful", (but how, when, and where remains to be questionable)

Continuing the musical, Miss Parlow, I heard on Sunday the broadcast of the New York Philharmonic, with Erica Morini playing the Beethoven. The Beethoven Concerto is beautiful, and during the performance all I could do was to auralize how beautifully Miss Parlow would have construed its poetic contents; for really one must be a poet to properly do Beethoven's Opus 61 with any justice, and Morini slightly evaded the poetic. She played very well, but not with the certainty, the virulence, and the firm, singing, Gibraltar tone of a Kathleen Parlow. (I say "Gibraltar tone" because Miss Parlow's tone is solid as the rock and resultantly sounds massive and peerless.) I can still hear your playing, from the times I lessened under you not long ago.

It is a true fact that there is no comparison of your playing with Erica Morini's, that is if we desire comparative attitudes; for, as Phillip Hale wrote in one of his witty criticisms a morning after a pretentious great pianist played in Symphony Hall, that "Comparisons are odious!!" (quite a potent anti- tonic, wasn't it?) But my purpose to bring out these points above beclouded but one primary reason: I want to make it known that my getting back to study with Miss Parlow is the only longing that I have in my young life, and I am trying so hard to find a solution to my getting back. Can you suggest some way for me to return Miss Parlow, for really if I do not get back to study under you, my life will be forever paralyzed in its real purpose and use. If I could somehow get a job by which I would be able to earn my way, that would be much better than sitting at home aimlessly hampered by surrounding environment. My parents flatly refuse to help me and they certainly make me miserable with their derations of my entire self---I don't seem to be a part of them, they think. But I have determination, and I will amount to something, I hope to show them. I really would want to return in the coming fall, for certain, and if we could work out some solution please believe me I will be the happiest person in the world, then I would say "Yes, Life can be Beautiful; but only if the mind and soul are contently occupied".

I have said enough; so, adieu, Miss Parlow; hoping you and your dearest Mother are well in health, I remain

YOUR FAITHFUL PUPIL,

Andras Snijer
ANDRAS SNYJR.

